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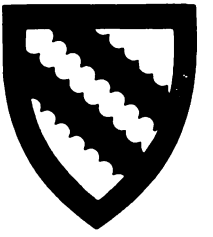

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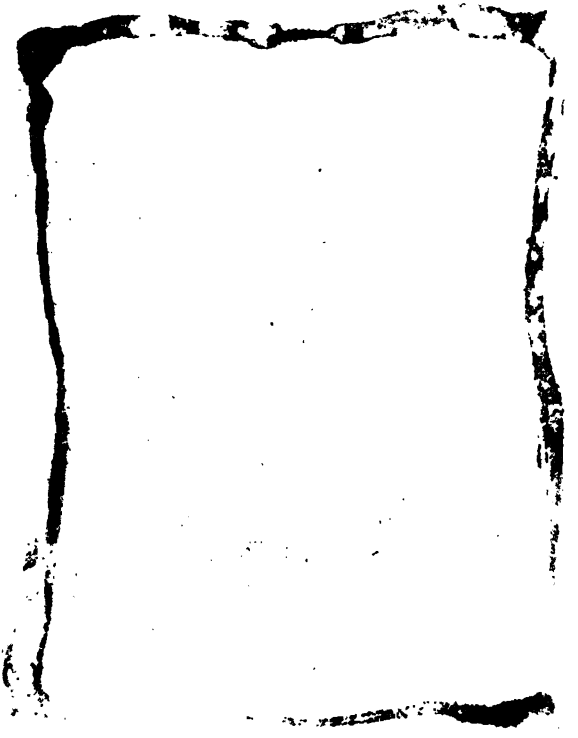

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PREFACE.

You ministers, reformers, and law-abiding citizens, please visit the chambers of hell in your cities, that you may get a real eye-opener, and I assure you that you will agree with me in saying, "This is just what I needed, and from this day I will do differently."

Listen, you high-toned, rich society men, judges, lawyers, doctors, officers, business men and presidents. What are you going to do about white slavery? Do you not realize that the fall of your daughter is more bitter because the notoriety and stigma are greater? Listen and play fair with yourself. Look at the sons of your own flesh and blood who have died inside the walls of the penitentiary where the white slaves are serving their pitiable time! I shall not mention any names in courtesy to the beloved mothers still living, and while we waste our efforts in these ways the deadly evil of white slavery is burrowing deeper and deeper into the life of the nation.

How do you like the hitch in your calves? (You may call it neuralgia.) It is a nice reminder of a good time.

Just visit the red-light district and become a eunuch. It may cost you only 50 cents to get in, but before you get through you will very likely have to pay several thousand dollars, and bring endless suffering to your-

self, to say nothing of your unfortunate children in the first, second and third generations.

The Cupid of ancient times laughed at the locksmith. At the present time the bacteria of venereal diseases laugh at Cupid.

Will your stenographer think more of you after a year's time? Or any of your employees or associates?

Can your mother, wife and sister say, "He was a good man"?

Believe me, most men spell God "G-o-l-d," and as yet nobody ever could buy a return ticket from the hereafter with all their Gold.

Money can not buy virtue nor health.

I can not say anything too good about ministers, fathers and the priesthood. I mean the real ones, not those who have wrapped themselves up in the cloak of religion.

However, before I get through with the others they will know that there is a living God in Israel and their shirts will be ripped up the back. Who said Amen?

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DR C. C. QUALE

IN THE GILDED DEN

THE RESCUE OF THE JUDGES' NIECE

THE BROKEN HEARTED BROTHER

"I WONDER WHERE MAMIE IS TONIGHT"

THE HANGER ON

"YOU FORK OVER WHAT YOU'VE GOT, OR—
I'LL HAND YOU ONE"

THE BROTHER'S APPEAL

"SISTER, THE OLD HOME IS WAITING FOR YOU, WHY NOT COME BACK WITH ME NOW?"

BREAKING THE CHAINS

"COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY-LADEN"

WHEN HE LEARNED THE TRUTH

'WHY SHOULD A MAN HAVE A THOUSAND CHANCES TO A WOMAN'S ONE?''

THE JUDGE WHO DID NOT KNOW HIS OWN DAUGHTER.

A well-known and highly respected judge, very popular with the sporting and gambling class of people, once had a shocking experience.

You know it is very hard to make laws that have not a loophole to slide certain cases through. That is why we see some rank offenders go free in our noble republic.

Somehow it is very hard to convict panders of stealing young girls. I shall not criticize our courts. I only state this as a fact worthy of consideration.

Now this judge had two charming daughters. One of them ran away with a young man and nothing was heard of her. The mother's hair turned gray with grief and longing. Every evening she knelt at her bedside and prayed that God would protect her beloved child and bring her back before she died.

She prayed with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, at times burying her face in her hands and sobbing; with simply a word now and then, and her poor body trembling with anxiety and grief.

(My, but if our Christians would pray that way, what a great blessing we would get).

Day after day she went to the detective bureau and to family friends, seeking to learn of her daughter's whereabouts, with her head bent low and sighing when she found there was no news for her.

About nine months passed and a clear case of pandering or stealing girls, was brought before this judge. The witnesses were called and evidence taken. The case proceeded in the usual way. The last witness was a young girl with a heavy veil. She listened closely to the evidence. The prosecution relied upon this last witness for its strongest proof, as the girl had been stolen directly by the pander on trial. During the girl's testi-

mony the judge's wife came in and listened. Tears came to her eyes and she shook with grief in sympathy with some poor mother who was bereaved of her daughter, also for the veiled victim's sake. The case seemed clear against the pander, but the judge took it away from the jury and dismissed them, stating that there was no actual proof of the man's guilt!

Just then the last witness, the veiled young woman, arose and broke out with a scream, but sank back in her seat and was carried out of the court-room. In a little while she recovered, went back to her room, changed her dress and went directly home to her mother and begged forgiveness—but not telling her that she was the girl in the court-room with the black veil, because she saw the gray hairs, the wrinkles and the feebleness that told the story that her poor dear mother had suffered a thousand times more than enough.

The judge returned home late that evening and all had retired but the daughter, who was waiting for her father to come home.

As the judge went into the library he noticed the girl sitting in the parlor with her head bent low and her face covered by her hands, sobbing bitterly. He hurried over.

"Is this you, my lost child? Oh, darling, what is the matter and when did you come home?"

At that she wept more and her whole body trembled, but she did not raise her head until her father lifted it tenderly.

"My daughter, what is the trouble?"

She rose and walked over to the center table, where the old family Bible lay, opened it, and said:

"Father, put one hand on the Bible and raise the other and promise me that you will never tell mother.

"Father, I was stolen by a pander and held as prisoner. I was led to believe that he was a particular friend of yours. The woman was a sister of his. They

said they were planning a big surprise on you and that I should come over to their house and plan it with them. So I went with them. I was taken to a fine residence in a fine neighborhood. . . . .

"We had tea and some candy. Shortly after I took sick and lost consciousness. When I woke up I was in a bedroom and my clothes were gone. My 'friends' were not there. A strange man was in the room I knew something was wrong, so I hunted for my clothes or any clothes, but in vain. Then I took the blanket off the bed and ran for the stairway, but before I reached the stairs a man grabbed me. He threw be back into the room and lashed me with a strap until I screamed with pain. Then I got my instructions what to say and what not to say.

"For two weeks I was watched night and day. After about six months I was kicked out of there and taken to a 'transfer' house to make my own living. In the meantime, during my stay at the first house, I had to entertain some of your best friends. I made myself known to them at first, but later I knew better.

"After I left that house I was run in several times, like cattle to a pen, and had to submit to anything asked. Finally I was brought to court to identify and testify against Mr. P——, the man who stole me. The case was taken away from the jury and dismissed—'Not guilty.'"

At this point she sobbed bitterly, laying her head on her father's shoulder.

The father shook with anger.

"I shall kill this man at sight! And who was that —— judge that let that man go free?"

"Father, Father, it was you who sat on that very bench this morning."

She reached into her pocket for her veil that she had worn in the court-room, placed it over her face and fainted.

Dear reader, you may believe this or not, but I assure you that it feels different when the burglar calls at YOUR house.

After all, we are all judges and as a rule we are blind to our own faults.

Laugh and show your ignorance! The echo means weeping if you are sinning against Nature.

LODGES TAKING THE PLACE OF CHURCHES.

We have never as yet had any organization or society that the locality or people did not demand. There has as yet never been a civilized country that did not have, and need badly, churches and Christian people.

I never saw a person go out looking for trouble who did not get what he was looking for

I never saw a person pick up the Bible, read it, and try to find fault with and criticize it, who did not get so badly mixed up that he did not know what to do. Listen! play fair with yourself! Pick your Bible up and read it distinctly with one purpose—a selfish purpose, for you individually to get some good out of it. As yet, the history of the Bible has shown us that man never was disappointed in its conscientious use.

I presume it is safe to state that lodges are more numerous than churches. Why should that be? They, too, have creeds in some form. No lodge that I know of is without a religious creed. Why then do we have lodges? Because the churches are demanding of us something that we do not know about, that cannot be complied with, or they fail to do certain things that we require, and so the answer is, that lodges and secret societies are a natural outgrowth of these conditions.

I belong to quite a few of these societies and to the average public and the average Christian I will have to

state frankly, with the best motive as a Christian man, that they do no harm, as a rule, to churches, nor to the people.

Especially are the fraternal or insurance lodges doing an immense amount of charity. Millions of dollars are handed to poor families during the time they need it the most, to educate and protect and nurse their children. I see nothing in their methods that could not be adopted in the most strict church, and I venture to say that if such work was governed under and by the creed of each individual church, perhaps it would be one of the most practicable ways of applying the Christianity of every-day Christians.

If you, dear reader, will understand me aright, I assure you that I mean well, and I will say that for any and everybody that does good, praise the Lord!

UNIONS.—Another form of outgrowth are the unions, which are crude, and do a whole lot of wrong, but the crudest material has often been worked up to the greatest things we ever had. There is a place for them. Let us listen to their cry and meet their demands as men.

Out of organization also have grown corporations and trusts which are today monopolizing and doing a great deal of harm, although originally they were meant for a legitimate purpose, and undoubtedly have done a great deal of good in many forms.

We are here and the trusts are with us. Are we to stand, with all our education and wisdom of today, and fold our hands and say, "Well, they are too strong; we cannot do anything in a civilized, respectable way"? Those people who are always making statements of that kind appear to me to be cowards and hypocrites, and I think that every respectable citizen will bear me out.

He who will be diplomatic enough to handle these corporations so as to show the man higher up what he is really doing will do more good than all the wars that

history records, and when we become big enough men and women to realize this important fact, then we shall have proven ourselves to be civilized American Christian citizens. If we do not, we are simply circulating in our own little chicken-coop.

The revivalist who will devote his time, and has the power to adjust the relations of the lodges and the churches, without interfering with the creeds of our good, noble churches, will surely measure up with any religious leader history has ever shown, and I assure you we need just such a man today.

So long as we are disorganized as churches, reformers and lodges, so long will our brutal traffic in female bodies gain ground.

THE ESCAPE OF A GIRL.

Some time ago a Bohemian girl, whose appearance bespoke the sad truth of lost beauty, came to my office and related to me the following story:

"As a foreigner I came to this country, receiving aid from an aunt of mine who formerly had immigrated and made her home in Chicago.

"Always willing and ready to learn, it did not take me long to learn to speak the language. I worked faithfully, and after some time I was able to demand the best of wages. I obtained employment in a family residing on one of the boulevards. I was treated as one of the family and had full charge of the house, as the people themselves traveled a great deal.

"They often had a few of their friends come to the house, among them a young man. We met, and after awhile he began to show me marked attention. This did not displease me, but as he was a total stranger, I hesitated in accepting his attentions. I spoke to my mistress about him, and she told me that he was a fine young man, engaged in business, and she added, 'He seems to have taken a liking to you.'

BRUTE PANDERS.—"Then it happened that while the family I was working for were off on a trip this young man came to the house. I excused myself, being busy, and asked him to call again. He left the house at that time, but in a few days returned, together with a friend, in a big touring car. This time he had a note from my aunt, requesting me to come to her home. Hesitating at first, but being urged to go, as they said that the ride would do me good, etc., I yielded. Then they told me we would not go by the direct road to my aunt's place, but would take the boulevard, as it was better driving The men both seemed very nice and I enjoyed the ride. We stopped at an ice cream parlor and had some refreshments Shortly after I took ill and fainted. When I woke up I found myself in a strange house among strangers, and I was told what to say. A policeman came in, asking me my age, name, and if I came of my own free will. I told him the truth. To my sorrow, I found that he was not a real policeman, but one of the so-called 'spotters,' used for the purpose of finding out if I would do as instructed.

CRUEL PUNISHMENT.—"For a short while I was left alone, when in came a colored woman with a porter, followed by the mistress of this scarlet house, who submitted me to the most cruel punishments, reminding me of the fact that if I ever disobeyed again, I would never live to tell the story. Words cannot tell the horrors of the weeks passed within the walls of this house. All chances for escape were cut off; my clothes were taken away from me, and I became a victim of the white slavery traffic, under the most cruel and shocking treatment.

"Death would have been a thousand times welcome, compared to this brutal life of horror. This life lasted for some weeks, which made me a physical wreck and threatened my mind.

"Then, thanks to an accident that occurred one

morning, I succeeded in making my escape, only to be stopped by a policeman, who said I had to go back. I begged and implored him not to take me back, but to release me and let me go. As he was about to return me to the house, we met a man who, hearing my pleading, wanted to know what it was all about. He immediately demanded my release, which the policeman granted, and disappeared. I was taken to the home of my aunt—ruined for life."

Dear reader, I wish you could have seen that girl as, crushed and heartbroken, she sobbed the bitter tears of sorrow, forced upon her through the brutal plot of creatures in the guise of men.

As she left, she expressed the hope that her story could be related, to serve as an eye-opener to the many light-hearted and frivolous young women who encourage, through their actions, dress and words, the advances and boldness of the panders, thus becoming easy victims for the white slave man.

She also hoped that those interested in the crusade against this horrible practice would be able some day to bring this so-called "fine gentleman" and his friends to justice.

Again I ask of you men and women, are we to allow this horrible practice of white slavery to go on? Will your conscience as Christian men and women permit you to stand idle and let the unfortunate victims cry in vain for help? God forbid that you should add to the many crimes by remaining inactive. Let us all unite into one great big host, determined to crush this black serpent gnawing at the very roots and foundation of society, the purity of womanhood.

THE RAMBLING TALK OF AN OLD SPORT.

It was a beautiful spring day as I was walking through the park and it seemed that everything was sprouting, budding, and trying to tell some story of real Nature.

I sat down on a bench to rest and admire the wonderful scenes and to contemplate the grandeur that is awaiting us in the hereafter.

I was thinking how beautiful and grand to know that we can some day rest our bones and enter a more glorious world. That alone makes life more lovable.

Just then an old man, very poorly dressed and dirty, came tottering along and rested himself beside me.

I said to myself, "I am always taken to be an easy mark by these people."

I could see that he had seen better days and he spoke very intelligently, so I made up my mind that before he would get a quarter from me he would answer a few questions concerning sporting life.

I handed him a cigar and said, "Do you think the world is very much different now from years ago?"

He never answered my question until he had smoked about one-third of the cigar. Then he said:

"Well, I tell you there is very little difference. The people are getting wise to what is really going on now, and that is the reason they set up the long howl."

"What brought you to the condition you are in?"

"It is of no use to tell you, mister, because it makes me feel so miserable and you will think less of humanity."

"But, my friend, I do want to know. It will help me in my work."

"Well, I'll tell you. I was brought up by good Christian parents and received a fine education. While I had the ambition of youth and was at peace with God, I vowed before my Maker that whatever my brains could do to uplift humanity, I would do at any cost.

"I went from one reform to another, from one church to another. I was discouraged at all places. All I found them concerned about was how much money and work they could get.

"During the time I went with a charming young lady. We were engaged to be married within a year.

"Well, I struggled along for some time and found that to do any active work with any organization I had to have some drag or political pull.

"My girl went back on me and I took that very quietly and camly, as I thought if she would not stand by me then she might not later, because I knew that sometime every life would have its troubles.

"I gained a reputation as a good speaker or preacher. I fought a good fight and accomplished a great deal of good. But from experience with the goody-goody, I lost faith in humanity. I presume I happened to strike the wrong ones. Oh, those —— so-called Christians and reformers. I could beat their brains out. Oh! ——. Pardon me, mister, I forgot myself."

"Please take it easy, my friend, and let me know why you feel this way towards them?"

"Well, after I had told them three or four times about some very important things that had to be done they, the reformers and Christians, would ask some fool silly question about how some people dress or something like that. Then sigh and yawn and ask me to repeat it.

"About six months later they would wake up and have another fit and say it was too bad we did not do it.

"Oh, if I had never gone near those suckers I would have accomplished a great work, but I wore myself out trying to get those —— fools to do something, and I took sick with nervous exhaustion. Since then I have never recovered."

"Do you think, my friend, that it would be a good thing to pass a law to do away with charity and have

government institutions to provide for destitute and poor children, and tax only those worth above a certain amount?"

"Fine! That's the time we would begin true charity and practice political economy."

"Listen, what do you think these big apartment buildings contain? Man, wife, but no child! What do you think the walls would say if they could tell what took place within? Manslaughter, white slavery, greedy, lustful life; segregated, law-abiding vice; faulty education, incorrect living; the science of motherhood crucified and rotting and moldering in the hidden corner of the darkest part of the basement, and the formulating of great schemes how to deprive childhood of its very innocence, and rob children of everything before they can defend themselves.

"How can a judge sit on a bench during the day and make people by force law-abiding citizens, preach patriotism, and at night destroy the very essence of civilization in his own home; practice brutality that the very beasts of the field do not know?

"Did you ever see an unfortunate person brought down into the mire who did not try to return?

"I say, ladies, what is next after hobble skirts? Tights! But who can tell me what all the different flags that girls wear mean? You know the brutal bull feeding on the grass will very often attack a man for waving a red flag or cloth. I was once chased up in a tree and had to stay there all night. Say, ladies, were you ever chased up a tree? If so, whose fault was it? Can you think of any mother who dresses her girls so that a turkey-gobbler would spread all his feathers and make a beeline for them as far as he could see?

"What do you women mean by flirting with an old crazy sport when his nose is bleeding, even if it be just for fun? Don't you know that any wild animal tamed,

when it smells human blood will immediately turn crazy or wild and is liable to rage and kill anybody in sight?

"What about the woman who has a servant—especially an Oriental—and does not care if she appears scantily clothed before him, when you know that certain Orientals cannot behave or control themselves? Crime follows and many a poor colored man or Oriental has landed in the penitentiary for life. Uncalled-for temptation!

"When a man sees a young woman wearing a $25 plume and a gown or dress worth about $65, when he knows that she earns only $10 a week, don't you think many a man feels charitably inclined and is willing to pay for a silk umbrella to protect her swell outfit?

"Listen! When I was in New Mexico I saw the mountains called the Three Sisters in Old Mexico, several hundred miles away. Vision is very much stronger than hearing, and don't you know many a man can judge good silk hosiery at a long distance?

"While I remember it, so many people say to me, 'Why, it is the girl's own fault and it is simply ridiculous and awful how the girls are carrying on. Why, I hate to go out in the park or on the boulevards. They simply stand in hallways, even children, at all hours of the night.' Please listen, did you ever stop to think that it is a wonder that they are not worse? No instruction in the public schools! Only indiscreet and smutty talk on the street!"

The biggest and most gigantic scheme to exploit the field throughout the entire world today, invented by these panders and their supporters, is in having various firms advertise for the picture of the most beautiful girls in different professions or lines of work, and get their handwriting, age, desires, and what they would like to be or do. Now, listen! After these firms are through with them they may be directly turned over to these

panders for so much or the pander will get them through the janitor, who is always willing to get an extra dollar. Now, then, when they get these pictures, can't you see how these panders have their route laid out? And they get duplicate letters and thus their books are made for different districts. I really believe that we could investigate this phase of the problem to good advantage. Maybe we would find some businesses with a sham front and intended just for the purpose of gathering in girls.

Girls, always take an escort along when you look for a job, and be very careful whom you write to.

It is those who doubt and are blind that keep the world in blind ignorance and prevent civilization from protecting its motherhood.

Virtue does not mean ignorance; for ignorance is the very thing that creates the White Slavery.

The reason that our police cannot do more than they do is because the better class of people do not support them if they go after the crooks.

Why should we not have a government institution for the unfortunates who have no father or mother?

BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.—One of the saddest things I ever witnessed was the bringing back of a young girl within a very short distance of my office in the middle of August last (1911).

In a very small and simple house, scantily furnished, I found an attractive-looking old gray-haired lady all alone. She related to me the following pitiful story:

"Doctor, I am left all alone. My husband is dead, two of my children are dead, one daughter 19 years old is living. She was a good girl, tender at heart, trying hard to aid and support me. About five months ago she became acquainted with a very fine young man who seemed to be the popular man of the neighborhood, and later found her a position downtown paying very good wages, but after two weeks' work she failed to return home. Since then I haven't seen her.

WORDS BETWEEN TEARS.—"I have in my possession, however, two letters which I want you to read. It is her handwriting, but I know my daughter too well to believe that it is her own dictation. I know my daughter would never stay away from home, or leave me alone, whom she loves so dearly. I am positive, Doctor, that somebody has prevented her from coming home. I am in very poor circumstances and cannot afford to pay anyone to find and bring back my daughter, but, Doctor, for my sake as a mother, do what you can to find her and bring her back.

"All that I have got in this world is gone. It seems hard that at this old age this burden should be placed upon me. It looks as though everything has gone against me, but my time is soon coming when I shall go to the land where there are no more troubles."

I arose and took my hat, fully determined that I would do what I could to comfort this sorrowing mother and bring her unfortunate child back, and as she took

my hand, with tears in her eyes she tried to speak, but could not. As I left the house I could not help but think of the last time I said good-bye to my mother, and the thought came to me, "What would I do if this was my mother and my own sister?"

MY MOTHER.—Together with my men I worked on this case for several weeks. No clue of the girl's whereabouts could be found, and for a long time I thought it was a hopeless case.

Finally, one day something seemed to present itself to me in the idea, try some other smaller towns close to Chicago, and I did so. I traced her to Aurora, Illinois, but as I was alone and a stranger in that town, on entering the house where she was, though I saw the girl and spoke to her, I could not, under any circumstances, take her out of that dreaded place.

As I went out to telephone and call assistance, the girl was removed from the house to some other place, and again she was lost. It seems as though there must have been a system of traffickers or slave holders that could transfer her from one place to another.

About ten days later I traced her to another small town in Illinois, and I found her, got her out of the house at the expense of my pocketbook and a few bruises; took her back to Chicago and the next morning returned her to her mother.

REFUSED MOTHER'S ARMS.—The daughter, as she approached the mother, would not put her arms around her as usual and kiss her, but simply said, "I don't dare to touch you, dear mother." At that she sank to the floor. The unfortunate girl had contracted a vicious venereal disease.

BROTHER CUTTING UP HIS OWN SISTER.

A very fine and well-educated family in a country town close to a big city were about to send their only daughter to the university. She was a very sweet, beautiful and innocent girl, full of life, and had gained a scholarship at the university. As she was getting ready for her departure to the city, a traveling man drew up to the house and asked if he could interest them in a pianola.

After a few minutes' talk they consented and he telephoned to his hotel and had one sent up to the house. The old people were very much taken up with this instrument, especially because it could play two of the pieces that the girl played; the parents thought it would be nice to have it while their daughter was away.

So it led up to talk about the university and the young girl about to leave for the city. Well, after the traveling man got the whole story and had sold the pianola, he stated that he knew many of the professors at the university, also that he had an aunt living close by there, and if they so desired he would make the necessary arrangements for her in the city. The parents were much pleased to have him do so.

In a few days the young lady received a letter from this man that everything was arranged for, and for her to come at once.

Father and daughter started for the city. When they reached the depot he was there to meet them, took them to his aunt, and made the arrangements at the university.

The third day her father went home and the same evening the traveling man took the girl to the theater and nothing was heard of her after that evening.

Her folks searched everywhere for her, but in vain.

Three years later her brother took up a course in medicine and as he began his second year's work he was assigned to one of the cadavers or bodies to dissect

it in the customary way. (In dissecting two or more students are given one body to dissect.) The young man who was his partner entered the room and began cutting the body, especially the left hip and thigh. This being a female body, a few remarks passed among the students, of a smutty and indiscreet nature.

Well, the young man got his gown on, went over to the body and began cutting open at the right side of the face.

Somehow he was very nervous and a creepy feeling came over him, but he thought that it was simply because it was his first day at work in the dissecting room.

As he worked away he noticed some paper rolled up in her hair. Just for curiosity's sake he pulled it out, opened it, and this was the contents:

"My Dear Mother:—That same day father left me that traveling man took me to the theater and bought some candy while we looked at the play. We ate some of it and finished it on our way home, in a taxicab. I became suddenly ill and lost consciousness.

"I do not know how long it was before I came to full consciousness, but I was in a strange house, undressed in bed.

"I screamed for help, but was told to shut up—if not, they would make me.

"I tried all kinds of ways to get away, but simply in vain, and I was submitted to cruel punishment for trying. I had simply to do what they said in the house.

"After I got out of that house (in about six weeks) I could not bear to go home in the condition I was, as I knew it would have been worse for you.

"Instead of getting better it got worse and worse, until I got shot and my time was soon at an end, and now I am writing this, hoping that it may reach you, dear mother! Oh! Oh! mother, if you only were here

or someone of you now. Why should I be punished like this? Oh, God, Why?

"I have not got an envelope and no one wants to get me one, so I will put this in my hair. Maybe the undertaker will send it to you, dear mother.

"I cannot tell what horrible things I have gone through, but I could not help it. I am innocent! The virtue of a girl ruined takes all her power away from her.

"My hand is getting weak and trembling, so good-by, mother, dear mother! God will not condemn me. I am at peace with him and I will meet you there.

"Your daughter,

"A——."

After reading this the young medical student staggered to the window and fell.

If you saw a young and virtuous girl molested and ruined, it would surely chill your blood and you would try your very best to protect a girl and even to prosecute such a brute of a man. Stop and think! There are over 5,000 on record in black and white in Chicago alone, and what are you doing to save them? They are taken from their homes in their innocency and brought into the traffic, sold and ruined at the highest places, transferred to lower ones, thence to the back-alley saloons—winding up at the Cook County Hospital to be practised on by the students, and called all kinds of low, degrading names, and finally pass to the other world. God only knows their hereafter.

From the morgue of the Cook County Hospital some of them go to the potter's field; others go to the different medical colleges to be dissected to pieces by the students.

ANY WIRE FROM POTTER'S FIELD TO YOUR HOUSE?—I wish to say that if wires were strung from potter's field to each and every house

where the virtuous girls got their first start by living an indiscreet life I am very much afraid that you could not pass as much as half a block in any section of the entire city where you would not run up against a wire.

Some of you who are sure that you are very honest, clean, respectable people, and who are bragging about that you would not do anyone harm, nor defraud a person out of as much as a cent, think back and see how many girls, perhaps, you have robbed of everything that God gave them—innocency, purity, home and honor.

You, who are living a double life, feigning to wear the cloak of honesty and respectability—when standing between the light and an earnest scrutinizer, your blood-red filth can easily be seen.

You men higher up, polished and refined, are often the wolves devouring and shedding the blood of the innocent lambs. Do you realize the enormity of your sin, the appalling destruction in satisfying your lust-ridden appetite? Then let me ask you this question: Can you or anybody else bring the virtue of a young girl back? As yet, not even the miracles of olden days were powerful enough to bring back the lost virtue of a woman.

Shall we stop the white slave traffic, or shall we let it go on?

BROUGHT BACK 17 GIRLS.—During the past ten months I have in my own humble and simple way brought back no less than 17 girls, victims of panders, lured from their homes, sold, bought and exchanged between various slave traffickers.

Remember, the virtue robbed from these girls alone must rest like a mill-stone upon some man's conscience, and retribution will come some day when these so-called FINE GENTLEMEN will be known in the neighborhoods where they live. Will the public then allow time for the law of justice to take its course?

Will they permit the politician to step in and help, or will the public take justice in its own hands and do it quickly?

Will you pardon a few remarks purposely written to strike people between the eyes so hard that they may wake up from their slumber?

You head of the average family (father), don't you think that the average man has added to the Webster definition by acquired inherited crime from crooked transactions through mental impression, to say nothing about acquiring diseases and transmitting them to the children?

WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER A WOMAN?—

You, young man, after you have saturated your system with tobacco, cigarettes and liquor, acquired one or two venereal diseases, and stayed out every night until you are worn out and rotten to the core, and nothing but a human barrel, empty, with a rattling noise of the lowest profanity and indiscreet talk that the world can produce—listen, don't you think that you are a fine specimen of man for a virtuous, clean and beautiful girl to share life equally with? What have you to offer her?

If a man asked you if you were honest, square and pure, you would surely say, "Yes." How could you be more crooked, deceiving and dishonest? Stop, young man, before the gates of hell close in on you.

And to you, fair reader, who at this time are contemplating marriage, do you understand what I am trying in plain words to tell you? Do you realize I am lifting my voice to save you? Perhaps I am today snatching you by this warning from the very gates of hell—hell on earth, and let me ask you what could be more hell than to be tied for life to one of these smooth-

faced, disease-afflicted specimens, posing in society as polished men of the world?

If I could call as my witnesses the many flowers of womanhood that found out only too late what it meant to be harnessed up for life to one of these human hyenas, they surely would testify and underscore my outcry. Therefore, young girls, be sure you know the man you marry and his past life and history. Be sure that he can give you the same chastity and purity which he seeks in you.

I warn you again, let not outward appearances deceive you, because so often I find the tailored dress, refined manners and alluring promises are only the finery with which to hide corruptness in its most scarlet color.

But is it only the chastity and future welfare of womanhood that thus must be warned and protected? Are they the only ones that can be foiled and dragged into the very tortures of hell? No, a thousand times no! This horrible truth that there are others who must be warned and protected, is verified by the 5,000 or more scarlet women that inhabit Chicago today, to say nothing of the hundreds and thousands of women in our city who practice vice and impurity in secret.

If you are a young man, clean body and soul, wishing to become provider and protector of some virtuous, chaste woman, would you be satisfied in marrying one of these above mentioned?

Is it reasonable to suppose that you in your alliance with one of these would enjoy the bliss of a home such as God intended it? What could you hope to give to posterity of man and woman that would perpetuate society? There are many who marry only to bitterly regret the day.

It is not necessary for me here to enter into a lengthy discussion, but suffice to say that any clean, upright man should thoroughly investigate and be

satisfied that he has found in his helpmate a woman embodied in virtue and chastity.

This should serve as food for thought for mothers and daughters alike, to diligently guard their virtue, honor; yea, future happiness. Marriage such as God instituted it in its purity is the foundation of society, and the home is man's and woman's most perfect bliss.

The road to hell is broad and easy to find. It lies smooth and finished at the outset, smiling, beckoning to youth and aged, but as the end is approached more and more the scenery changes, the valleys deepen, the roadbed gets rougher, and soon you are forced onward, downward, lower and lower, until you stand at the very gates of hell. You say it is hard language, and it is, but is it not the truth?

A man who is no man, but rotten to the core, mentally and physically, surely has hell here on earth.

The more beautiful a rose is the more it shows a scratch or mark.

DID YOUR CURIOSITY LEAD YOU TO YOUR DOWNFALL?

In my investigations, I met with one story hundreds of times with tears streaming down somebody's cheek. It was as follows:

TOO LATE.—"Doctor, I did not mean to go wrong. I was brought up in a good Christian home and was a Christian child, but I got together with the boys and girls, and with the many pleasures of the day, in the limelight that seemed to stagger me, the curiosity to know Nature and what the world really is, what there is in it, and what others are doing, led me step by step against my better judgment, against my father

and mother, because I wanted to know something about the world.

"I did not feel like being called a Sunday School boy. You know, Doctor, we all have our weak points, and this was mine, and the only knowledge I could find about the world, was the smutty and indiscreet talk on the street corners from various bums and loafers! This got the best of me, and as soon as I had fallen, I dared not speak to my own people about it. I tried often to lead on to a talk to them, but their false modesty prevented them from talking to me. The result was that my frail power of resistance as a youth could not withstand temptation. Do you really think, Doctor, I can ever recover enough strength to stay away, and that I can become a clean person?"

This is the usual story. If they are not so far gone that their mental condition is broken down, with the proper nursing, they soon gain strength to withstand all the trials and temptations.

Other cases must be taken care of in a sanitary and medicinal way, until we get the proper reaction in their system, which sometimes takes several weeks, as a mental breakdown is beyond any control.

TALK PLAINLY.—Mothers and fathers, brothers, sisters, you who are men, you who are women, talk plainly, the plainer the better, to your own, and tell them everything, and if you don't know, go to some reliable person who knows and find out, and properly inform them, as it is one of the worst temptations not to know what we have to meet with. And don't forget to lay false modesty aside, because it does no good, but a great deal of harm.

Why should we be ashamed of the science which means the future generation? Why should we be ashamed of mother and her protection? The ones who are must class themselves among those not belonging to the present civiliation.

Visiting the stockyards last Fall during the exhibition of the "Fat Stock Show", while the Poland-China hogs were led out to be exhibited, I admired the great and wonderful way of taking care of hogs, and I could not help but think that if men were hogs, they surely would have better care.

I would like to have somebody investigate all these canvassers, insurance men, collectors, coffee and tea men, and see if they give any information to the slave traffickers.

The elbow swing of many a dentist has started a girl on a downward road.

Honesty cannot be trusted where ignorance is the predominant factor, for instance, it matters not how honest a person is who has vicious diseases and knows not the danger of infection and of transferring it to his associates.

Whosoever you are, who are interested in this work, lay it not aside without a silent prayer to God for thyself and those who minister and try to stop this traffic.

Your prayers may be a direct result in saving your own daughter or sister.

Mothers, listen, when your daughters "bray" (laugh) like a mule, don't forget that the boys' ears go straight up.

The old saying is, it is hard to keep a good man down, but I think it is a great deal harder to keep a bad man out of society.

It always sounds well to us in the morning when we open our mail and we read, "Enclosed please find check,

etc." Those mothers who have been bereaved of their daughters, I assure you, would be more pleased to read, "Your daughter is coming home virtuous."

THE SUGGESTED REMEDY.

It seems as though the brutality of man will have to be corrected through the science of medicine to really get at the bottom of the trouble.

In the last few years drugs have been discovered which have been used by a great number of medical men in cases of lustful desires to a great deal of advantage. They seem to be safe and harmless, and they can be administered knowingly or otherwise to the individual concerned, and may thereby reduce the lustful desires, without any harm, in many cases.

CURE BRUTE.—I should like to have the chemists and medical men work on this line, to see if through its science we could remove the brutal craving from everyone without any danger and harm, and thereby get at the root of the evil of white slavery. You can readily see if there was not a cause, it would not be hard to stop, and I assure you that if men, especially married men who are leading an indiscreet life, could have at hand such a harmless remedy that would prevent them from supporting the redlight district, they themselves would see the value of it and be better men, better citizens and better husbands.

I think the time is not very far away when we will discover that a lustful and indiscreet life is a mental disease that can be treated, and the redlight districts will be a thing of the past. It surely is a mania acquired and inherited in some form, and why should we not be able to cure this mania, as well as that of drunkenness?

We have our research institutions spread all over

the country for the purpose of stopping the white plague (consumption). Why not have as much as one research place supported by some generous millionaire, or even much more to be preferred, by the government, to protect motherhood. I cannot see any more important thing for a great and noble republic than to have some sort of an institution wherein the essence of civilization could be studied.

In other words, the generation to come should be protected and nursed and cherished by the government and for the government, inasmuch as she controls the game laws affecting the welfare of animals, birds, fish, etc., that we may get the most and best good out of them. It very often looks to me as if our government is going away from home to protect everything else and neglecting its own mother.

IGNORANCE AND DISEASE MIX WELL.

I do not know of any more harm a person can do, that is ignorant of the ways of the world, who contracts venereal diseases and infects clean, respectable people. I have witnessed any number of boys and girls from one year up, who have been infected from towels, clothing, and toilets, and suffered eternally.

YOU SPEAK OF THE PENITENTIARIES AND THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.—But is there any more punishment under the shining sun than to see a young child contract venereal disease, knowing that they never during their entire lifetime will be normal, nor ever have a system free from pain and aches, but the most cruel punishment for life?

Will the people who think lightly of our simple work realize that most of the children in the blind institutions are there directly due to venereal diseases, the result of white slavery? What must their suffering be, blind, blind! Suppose you were blind!

On the other hand, go out to our insane asylums. You will find that the majority are there as a result of this dreaded traffic.

The same thing at the juvenile courts.

We must not forget our penitentiaries, which are filled and overflowing, mostly from parents who thought they were brighter than the average public, sneered at religion and reform, and lived a fast life.

Our statistics show such an increased rate of insanity that if we go at the same ratio for the next 150 years, there will not be a sane man or woman living. This is hard to believe.

You who have witnessed a hanging at the county jail, or have read about it, also of the suffering of the relatives, maybe you will some day have to face your son with a noose around his neck, with the rope at the side of his face. The gloomy hour, the minute to be called, and you to carry the news to him and witness that he is there as a direct result of what you called a good time.

Will you go back to the little home where the poor old mother is sitting in an old armchair sweating blood; the hair turned gray, shivering like a leaf; suffering eternal hell? Will you knock on this door, swing it open and face this innocent, clean, virtuous good Christian mother and tell her the news, that her dear son swung at the gallows as a direct result of your so-called "life worth living" ?

This mother whose boy swung at the gallows bore, bred and cherished one sweet boy that was entitled to anything that the country produced; nursed, loved and kissed him during the hours she was ill, the hours that she should have had her rest to keep her soul and body together; suffered pain after pain and everything to bring fruit to the country, as an offering on the altar of God to make use of him. The answer? Swung on the gallows.

Do you realize during war that it is very much harder for a woman to stay at home and say her prayers for her son than it is for him to fall in front of the enemy's guns.

However, what about the poor mother that had to face her own son at the gallows? What can she say? What must she think, being innocent, good and true as any woman.

The shadow of the gallows never lets her rest night or day. Let us pray to the Chief of all Justices, The Supreme Being, "What have we done that such an unfortunate cross shall fall on so many thousands of mothers? We beg in our humble way, show us the way. Thy will be done, not ours."

FAULTY EDUCATION.

The civilized world is measured by the unit of womanhood. If the people only knew how little they protect and care for the essence of civilization there would not be a man or woman who would not be up in arms, fighting for the study, care, and protection of womanhood.

It is very wrong to educate our children without the proper knowledge of religion, so as to be able to discriminate between right and wrong; because the more you educate a devilish person the more harm he can do.

So many have asked, "Well, what can you do to stop it?" Allow me to tell you a story. Mrs. R. said to her husband, "John, I believe that you are a typical model husband. Now Webster says 'model' is 'a small imitation of the real thing.'"

Listen. As long as we are small imitations of the real man, so long will the white slavery exist.

When we become men and women enough to lay aside false modesty; forget that virtue is not ignorance;

be not ashamed of motherhood, its protection and philosophy; then we have laid the foundation for better and more perfect civilization. Until then the very essence of our great and noble country with its beauties and grandeur is withdrawn from us.

The man who is powerful enough to reform many of the reformers, ministers and professors; to make them useful as well as ornamental, and put them on a practical co-operative self-supporting basis, has laid the cornerstone for a true civilization.

If any doubt my statements, will they be so kind as to come along with me and we will make the rounds together. I assure you that you will be convinced before you get through.

If all the churches, reforms, associations and schools united together with one executive body, with one president (still retaining their own creeds), what a power they would have, or who could resist them?

Has the public educational system anything to do with the white slavery?

We surely have multiplied our brain cells many hundred times, in the wonderful way of civilization of today, with its great sciences, arts and inventions.

But does it make better citizens, healthier people, easier existence, or less cost of living per capita?

By the way, where is our political economy? Animals, birds and fishes have their proper care and protection by the game laws. They are nursed and bred in the most scientific way.

What has been done to the science and philosophy of motherhood? Listen! Take many of the young girls from ten years up that are as wise as women at forty years, show vulgarity—low, indiscreet and degrading characters—you know what I mean—you see them at any time at night; they have their parties, boys rush the can, have the girls come out of the house or hall and drink with them. In a few years THEY will

be mothers! What can you expect of them to raise a family? Did the people carry on that way fifty years ago? If not what is the reason?

Did you ever stop to think that the only source from which the average boy or girl obtains any knowledge of motherhood and its protection is on the street or in some joint from indiscreet sources, plus a vague idea maybe from the parents?

What, if anything, has more bearing on civilization than motherhood?

Listen! Can you hear anything else than one bloody scream and shriek of dying motherhood all over the world?

The blood is forming streams that are damming up our hospitals, blind institutions, juvenile courts, insane asylums, prisons and reformatories.

What does it mean with all the apartment buildings or so-called homes, without children? Man, wife by law, but no unit of family (children)—motherhood dead and dying.

Do not forget that white slavery is sin added to sin until we have the brutal trade of white slavery.

You never saw any locality that did not get what it was looking for.

So many shake their heads and say, "Do not let the children know anything about it." Listen! When the children are big enough to understand, rest assured it is better to let them know from proper sources because otherwise they will let it soak in on the street from improper sources.

We have safes and locks for our money and valuables, but what safeguards or locks have we for our young girls?

If you were told to go and live among animals to learn how to protect and respect your mother, wife and daughter, would you begin to think that something was wrong?

How many doctors tell the unfortunate married woman the truth when she is infected by her husband? Many simply tell them a fake story. The disease takes its worst course because she neglects it, thinking that it is only a minor trouble.

Look at the children in the first, second, third and fourth generations, what they have to suffer because of neglect in telling the truth.

You know most people have a family resemblance of their own. But did you ever stop to think that the mental impression on a child's mind is far greater? Then how do you suppose that your child will repeat your story of your past life? Listen! If you have been a steady customer for the redlight, may not your child do it? And whose fault would you say it would be?

Why should we have all these fakes or quack doctors preying on the ignorance of young people, scaring them and making them suffer all kinds of pain, working hand in hand with the white slave traffic?

How can true civilization mean for one brother to hoard up everything to satisfy his greediness, while his brother is half-clad and starving? Can savages and barbarians do anything worse?

Can anything be more brutal than when persons infect others knowingly and make them suffer the torments of hell, just because they cannot control themselves at that moment?

Why does our government stand for justice and equality if our slave traffic is the answer? Why must our girls realize on the woman's assets for a living?

Why should not the teachers of the public schools have something to say about how the children should be educated? They are in the field and surely know more than the individual who never gives it a thought.

How many stenographers are not white slaves in some form? Just think of the poor girl who is forced

to submit or leave her position when her soul and body is depending on the small wages she is getting. Listen! Is he a panderer? Should he be considered a criminal? If so, why not have law made that he may be punished?

Why do we put locks on our doors and buy safes for our money and even buy dog licenses to protect the cur from being picked up by the wagon? Say, listen! The city pays for the wagon and when the dog on the street is picked up the whole street is crowded with people cussing about it! When the girls are stolen nobody comes to their rescue.

One of the great factors in white slavery today is the low wages, less than our girls can exist on.

Listen, young people! The happiness that the world uncorks lasts only until the bubbles disappear. So do not go wild or mad over the pleasure that confronts you, because it simply means your ruination, and this leads so many into the traffic of white slavery.

ARE CHURCHES ENCOURAGING WHITE SLAVERY?

The great blessing of all civilized countries is due to Christianity, with its churches and ministers.

How noble and grand it is of these well-educated and good men to sacrifice their entire life for the welfare of the people and how beautiful are the results of our forefathers' and mothers' Christian life under God's ministers.

What a blessing to the entire world that our clergy are fighting the battle for salvation, forming love for our Master, love for right and love for fellow-men.

And what a blessing to the community are all these churches with their pastors and Christians who have

toiled in the sweat of their brow to gather the money to build the churches. You may say what you please, but Christians have improved and civilized the world.

I mean REAL Christians.

If you are not a man, whose fault is it?

Do you know the best investment is to be a true man?

You would not steal, would you? However, why did you steal your friend's sister and rob her of the virtue God gave her?

A true Christian loves to do right, because of his love to the Master.

Remember that the window in our soul that lets the good angels in (luck or work, bullheaded foolishness, as you may call it) is the same size as the ones we let them out of and the message they carry is in accordance with the field where the seeds have been planted and the fruit they find.

Suppose that your young life was laid open to you at the time you proposed to your sweetheart and she could view it with you! I am very much afraid that the common phrase that they "would kill themselves for the sake of the intense love that some seem to feel during the exciting times" would very likely be reversed, to say nothing about what they would do had they a chance at that moment.

I will say to you, preachers, Christians and churchgoers, please read this carefully and thoughtfully that you will get the idea that I am trying so hard to convey in all kinds and you who do not belong to any church do not take advantage of the same.

Let me say again that white slavery was not born

in a foreign country. It did not drop down upon us. It is one sin added to another from one generation to another, until we have the brutal traffic.

Miss H. from Wisconsin, a very sweet and good Christian girl, at the age of 19, working at a department store getting $7 per week, rented a room for $2.50, with a board bill of $4, and laundry about 75 cents per week; Sunday morning offering in church 5 cents, Sunday evening 5 cents; league dues, 25 cents; carfare, 60 cents; pledge card, 10 per cent of their earnings if they want to be children of God and be saved, hence 70 cents to the church; in all, expenses $8.70, besides her clothes, incidentals, doctor bills and dentist. Well, after her few dollars were gone that she brought along from home and her board bill to be paid or no eatings, and room rent or no bed, and laundry money or no clothes, carfare or hoof it downtown, sneered at in church when the collection basket passed her and "her soul going to hell." Well, outside of that she was all right.

The trustees and deacons smoked 10-cent cigars, sat with their feet on top of the desk in their offices, making it understood that God must get his offering from all Christians; living in a mansion; taking an automobile downtown and evening suppers with a few of his friends, thinking very little of spending $25 for the evening.

She asked one of these wealthy Christians if she could borrow $10 for a short time and was refused, although he knew her financial trouble and belonged to the same church.

Did you ever realize how hungry you were when you had no money? At least I have had that experience in Chicago.

Well, Miss H. went without anything to eat for nearly two days and she had to sleep in a Morris chair in a friend's room.

A short time before this happened she had collected money for one of the church windows and together with her friends had got the window in with the picture of Jesus carrying home the lost sheep with a flowing gown over his shoulders—a very beautiful picture indeed that would be exhibited the very next Sunday. On Saturday evening a son of one of the trustees took her to a dance at one of the joints that are always baited for young girls and she related to him that she was financially embarrassed, short of money, and that she was hungry. Well, he took her to lunch and handed her $5. They went back to the dance hall. After a short time he sent for a cherry lemonade which had some wine in it.

After the dance he took her to a hotel, handed her $10 more and told her he would see her Sunday night.

SCARLET WOMAN.—Sunday morning she attended church. After the regular service a trustee arose and complimented the young ladies upon the beautiful window and described the meaning of all the art. The last he mentioned was the red robe, but at this movement she arose and shrieked and the person sitting nearest to her heard her whisper, "And I shed my virtuous blood for the red color of it."

These cases are more numerous than you think, and I am afraid that if you made thorough investigation maybe you would find more cases than you would like to. I assure you that were the souls to speak their confession on a Sunday morning to the public in church, we would be screaming for mercy and forgiveness.

—Please do not condemn me, as the worst is yet to come, about churches.

Why do we build all these expensive churches? I presume the average runs about $40,000 with a seating capacity of about 700, when we can build a more modern and practical church for less than a third of the amount and more seating capacity. Well, you say that God's temple wants to be beautiful. Sure, if we can afford it. But suppose the minister put on an opera suit and diamond rings, studs, cuff buttons, locket, etc., worth about $25,000, and came swinging along the street on Sunday and during the week he would lock up the finery in the safe. The people who are getting, say, $13 per week, with a family of about seven, would pay for all this, or some girl getting $6 per week. Now listen, you church brothers or ministers. I mean well, but this is the way it looks to the public and I for one have been told by ministers by all means to be conscientious and tell the truth, that we may be saved and bear fruit and live a long life. However, I am very much afraid that if I do not seal my mouth or tell it the way some most reverend gentleman wants me to, I will be good and die very young by getting a bomb left at my door to give me a swift start to heaven.

Wait a minute, you who are puckering up your faces like the last rose of summer in October, or perhaps are looking more like a porcupine when the dog is after it. Matt. 25, 1, speaks about the man who received only one talent and he went and buried the same. Please read it again and see if this complies with the money buried in the present churches, saying nothing about the starving and poor and dying from want around the church, and the blood that was shed through somebody's virtue.

Well, you say, why have swell homes either? Please

let them alone, as we will soon get to them. It won't justify you to steal because your neighbor does.

Yes, I am afraid that you and I are forgetting all about the kindness and love that we started out with, and we surely must practice what we preach. Do you remember the most happy and contented time of your life was when the churches were in minor circumstances; when we prayed outdoors or in some small store where service was held? Now, is not that so? Sure!

Where did Jesus Christ preach mostly, especially the Sermon on the Mount. Pharisees on the streets, what did Jesus say about their parading and hypocrisy? Would it not be possible that we are drifting that way? The point is this, that I am afraid if Jesus called on Sunday morning at the church, that we would ask him what creed he would support and if he was qualified to speak in a swell church before such a select congregation. Meantime the people would be without service, because of the cross-examination. Many a soul would not be won, and as said before, conversion is the only means of stopping the white slave traffic, as through the same we get a proper judgment of right and wrong.

That reminds me about the little girl that was in the woods and the young man she was with in the afternoon was accused of kidnaping her. The whole village was up in arms trying to find her and they found this man that was accused and everybody got around him, hit and kicked him, and finally when he came to consciousness, seeing all the young people around, he said, "Why do you waste time with me? Kill me and be through, and be on your way to find the beautiful girl before it is too late. She might be killed by the wolves in the woods." So it is with some of our churches and Christians today. Many a poor girl is killed inch by inch by wolves who steal them and hold them as prisoners while Christians are wasting their

time and power and money in quarreling over creeds and so forth.

The old saying is, that there is no house big enough for two women with their families, but let me add that many ministers never can agree, but fight nearly all the time, even at home and in meetings and newspapers. The average people are laughing at the Christian mockery and the hypocrisy. These things are facts and the way the people have the thing doped out and their children are letting it soak in for future misery.

I can almost hear now the people whom this shoe fits say, "Oh, he is crazy!" However, that is not saying very much for you, when I must resort to criticise and scrutinize the practical application of our preaching of the Gospel that we might be saved and save others and practice our true kindness, love, fellowship and fraternity of Christian life.

Can't you see that if we do not take proper steps to protect our girls through Christian education we are to blame for the dreaded evil existing? Let me make this plain, especially to you who think that it is beneath you to do this work or who think that virtue comes through innocence of the world's doings, or you who are on the board of education: In applying our civilization of today there is only one branch of science that we are not striving to unravel in a scientific way, namely, the science of motherhood and its protection, which is at the root of civilization and the whole of the sciences today.

Well, I believe that the churches have had enough to stand another dose. Anyhow, we must begin to reap what we have sown, so why not turn all our churches into institutional churches? By this I mean, keep them open all day and night for the public, everybody welcome; have a bureau of charity towards all; have toilets (so that our boys and girls will not be forced to go to almost any kind of joint); common reception room;

ladies' reception room; library; bureau for the sick, poor, employment, benefit, rescue, placing and care of newly converted, legal, medical, nursing, business, advisory, under a general superintendent or overseer, and all to make themselves useful as well as ornamental; sanitary bureau; laymen's study; coffee and wagon. You say what benefit would this have on the white slavery. It means this, that every group or colony would look after their own, and if any danger were near they would be notified and proper action would be taken, saying nothing about prevention of slavery by getting at the root of the same.

Now listen! When the boys and girls go out for the afternoon, where shall they go and visit save in the parks? Who entertains them but some joints that are condemned and many places in which not a word of English is spoken, run by Orientals? Where can they find a toilet? Be reasonable and think what environments you are creating and sending your girl and your boy among. I know of many a good son and daughter that was ruined just that way, and whose fault is it but our own? Remember there are very few things that happen to us and ours that are not created and demanded long beforehand. Let me add that I know of several young girls that have been more than lucky in not simply walking right into the traps of slavery.

Why is it that the people do not stay with us in the churches—I mean the young people? There must be something wrong with us, because the majority of our young people are not with us, and majority always rules, so what are we going to do about it? Simply let it drift because they who are outside have no legal nor moral right to take a position, or shall we think that we might be Pharisees or get in the habit of doing the routine business?

Well, I tell you, we as Christians fail to be Christians and to show in our daily life what we claim of

charity or love for one another, if we simply put on the cloak of religion, so that when prayer time comes the only thing we need to do is to ask in a casual way for forgiveness, simply to have a clean sheet for the next society stunt or to mingle with the "better class" of people.

Do you know that a great number of ministers go into religious life from simply a selfish motive, because of the notoriety, reverence and easy life, and remain in the same just for that reason, and do their duty in a routine way; also they could hardly make a living any other way? Well, you say again what has this to do with white slavery? Do you know what it means to run up against persons that are so dense that you cannot beat anything into their head with a club and you must go through them to gain your point or mission? Let me tell you I have met some hundreds in my work, during the last fifteen years, and I am very sorry to say that some ministers have not got ordinary business ability and are ignorant of decency in business. Many are not honest, but think they are. In fact, I never heard any man that had to do with ministers but as a rule said they were the hardest people to deal with. Please listen and understand me right. I assure you that I mean well and it is for the welfare of the public as a whole that I say these things against the churches, that the congregations may take them up and rectify them, as the congregations are to blame.

I know of ministers that will use some of their neighbor church members of the same creed for selfish purposes, still think it is nothing wrong. Listen! I have tried to talk personally to them and had others go and see them, but without avail. They knew it all. Did you ever try to sell a book to a bookstore for the proprietor to read? Well, the best you can do under those circumstances is to put an egg in your shoe and

beat it while your shoes are good, and it is about the same to try to tell many ministers anything.

CAUGHT.—Look at this as you want to. A young girl made a mistake and was caught at it. Remember she was caught at the mistake. Suppose that all were caught.

The girl asked forgiveness and furthermore I believe that she was converted after this happened, but that did not help when her church heard the rumor about the mistake. She was not given a hearing but expelled from church. Listen! What about the text of the lost sheep and the Good Shepherd carrying it home? Where shall the girl go? Is she at the age of less than 20 beyond redemption or unworthy of help? The temptation of the world proved too much for her. Is she not liable to return to the ways of the world when she has been refused a chance to repent and get assistance?

Why not have one standard for men and women? I mean, why shall a man have the chance to do anything he pleases and still be a fine man, but a woman be condemned for all time and eternity?

Please do not lose sight of the fact that the churches and the ministers are the very essence that conveys the beautiful grandeur of our consciousness of judgment, peace, love, power, and charity for soul and body, and that we owe to the churches the blessing of our civilization.

The above statements may seem hard and sarcastic, but I assure you that it is in all kindness and that we can learn by our mistakes and do better.

Conversion means the beginning of a good, peaceful, charitable life within, but it must be nursed or it will begin to close and become lukewarm at the end of a few years.

NEGLECTING DOING GOOD IS JUST AS BAD AS DOING EVIL.

Before I write this chapter I desire to have you bear in mind once more that I mean well, in conveying the truth, regardless if the statements should come home to those who least expect it.

The hardest people to do anything with are those who are resting in an armchair, thinking they have the only civilized method of living and if it were not for them the whole world would surely come to a standstill.

I pity any young man or woman who becomes filled with the inspiration to help the people at large and who looks for help from many churches, reformers and goody-goody people, because they could die, be buried and forgotten before they would be noticed.

If their looks should not please, or a statement made be not in accordance with their creed, they are traitors, impostors and fools.

Outside of that most everybody is all right.

Listen! When you are called to the land where a return ticket can not be had, do you think God will ask you if you belong to the church on Method street and Old Maid avenue, or to the reform association on Bigoted street and Know-it-all avenue?

The Mississippi River when it pours its mighty body of water into the sea, does not know the little creeks up in Minnesota that help to swell its mighty flood and so the all-pervading love of God surrounds us, carries us on its mighty current, unmindful of creeds, onward to that great sea of eternity.

Another funny thing is that the river does not ask us if the Swedes swore in Swedish or prayed for hard or soft water, but simply run along undisturbed, joining the other bodies of water at the easiest points of least resistance, even if they have to make ever so many crooked turns.

Do you realize that many of our reformers and churches are the biggest jokes of the day?

Take an average young man of good standing and morals and religion; send him from one church to another, from one reform to another, to different charities; ask him to investigate, to seek affiliation, to do some real human work, and he comes back despondent.

He will tell you it is the worst proposition he ever faced. Why? Because most of such organizations lay more stress on methods than results.

It is very hard to find two organizations that will work together (even of the same denomination). One will always try to run the other down.

Then comes your political economy of all organizations. If they are so good why can they not exist on self-supporting basis? Do you know the funniest impression was brought to my mind as I was listening to the Salvation Army? As they were passing the collection box, a Chinaman spoke up, saying, "What is the matter with that Lord of yours? Is he always broke?"

Several organizations have had the opportunity to become self-supporting from good clean sources, but refused it.

When did God ask you to spend millions of dollars for dead, ornamental things in our churches and other institutions of similar nature?

In everyday business if I spent $50,000 for a building and only occupied it for a few hours on Sunday, would that be economy or common sense? I do not mean to belittle any organization, but to prevent their destruction. I want to help the poor, the hungry, the needy, to get relief.

I am afraid instead of political economy we have church politics. Reform, graft of the most contemptible and disgraceful kind, in many of our institutions.

I must not forget to mention that most of them

have not the slightest idea of the real condition of the people or the ways of the world.

After asking over 500 to come along and see what is going on and maybe do some good, 5 per cent went with me; the rest made a statement something like this: "It is beneath me and my fashionable people to venture outside."

By the way, that reminds me that some time afterwards I went to the same people with a big touring car and asked them to step in and we would do some mission work. Well, I got so many that they almost broke the machine down. Silk cushions are quite religious.

How can they fight and overcome an evil that they know nothing about?

It seems to me that the most they want to do is sit and whine what a horrible world this is.

They pray—yes, but prayer without effect, without work, falls back from unanswering skies.

From a physician's standpoint it seems to me many have a lesion in the upper neuron-segment organism; in other words, a religious fit, in the form of mania.

Don't you know that the farmer actually got there first? When we become men and women enough, human people, we shall practice political economy in its true meaning—go out among the doers, take our coats off and rectify evils; then we shall accomplish something.

Turn all our churches and our ministers to some practical use; let them cease to be merely ornaments.

Why do we try to teach our children in the public schools to be something entirely different from what the people at large practice?

Why on earth do you stand and preach about the sins of the world when you do not know the least thing about them? Are you afraid of your position?

Quit your heavenly fits. Go and find out what is

going on. Practice everyday Christianity. Jesus Christ went down among the sinners, ate with them and worked with them. He healed the sick. Where, in the whole Bible, does it tell you to stand off on a high pedestal, waiting for the lame, blind and sick to crawl to you?

I want to organize a "POLITICAL ECONOMIC COMPANY" for the purpose of making use of all the necessary funds. This would do away with charity.

Be reasonable! Do you not think that there is something wrong with our civilization when we have abundance of all material things and yet our country is filled with men and women who are in want? Look at the thousands of charity organizations! They are so numerous that a person is approached from every side to give, give, give!

You know that when somebody is sick or hurt the doctor is called.

Well, I presume you will say, "Fine, but where will you get the money and how?"

Have a committee appointed with representatives of all reforms, religious, educational, non-religious, dramatic art, theatrical, mission, benevolent, charity, public schools, hospitals, amusements, trades, and political economy:

For the purpose of forming a central creed and executive body.

To give political economy a chance.

For better religious work at less expense.

To stamp out sin and vice, especially the white slave traffic.

Establish a research institution to cure and reduce the abnormal lust and brutal desires of men.

Study the science, philosophy and protection of motherhood.

Establish one standard for men and women.

Operate several theatrical companies and let the proceeds go to the institution, teaching morals and preaching the gospel over the footlights.

The theaters are outgrowths of churches. Why not add them to the ranks of Makers for the Truth?

You who condemn theaters because some are bad, why do you not condemn the churches when you hear of some preacher who ran away with a young girl, or some Sunday school teacher that forgets himself and is found patronizing the redlight district?

You speak of capital and labor. Look out for your holy of holies and high-toned religion and the poor sinner.

I have mentioned before what the churches should do.

Insurance societies, lodges, fraternities, added to the churches, would do well.

I believe in eating when I am hungry of good things that I like when they are set before me, and it certainly is a shame to see the things wasted by the churches and reforms and educational systems.

You do not believe in secession of the states after the Civil War, do you? "United we stand and separate we fall."

Still we have different laws and different modes of living in the several states.

Do you realize the strength of such a body in wiping out sin and vice and in electing clean Christian people to the various offices?

After all, must we not elect clean people to the various offices before we can make headway?

The congressmen from Utah and from Illinois are equally welcome at Washington.

I hardly believe that God will ask if the Swedes belong to the Tabernacle, or if the Dutchmen eat sauerkraut.

The only salvation of our country from another and

more terrible war is to organize all the forces of Truth into one compact, living fighting body.

NEGLECTING DOING GOOD.

Did you ever see a bigger joke than the vice reports of the different cities? Going down to the lowest dives, where the last pitiable time is served by the unfortunate girls who have been bereaved of everything that God gave them, the committees seem to have gone into fits at the first sight of real conditions as they come out of this traffic and did like the old maids—shrieked a couple of times at the billboards when some pictures happen to displease them—then went directly home to faint and run at the mouth.

If they have anything in their reports but vulgar reading, why don't they come to and do something? It looks as if the whole thing is a scheme for some politicians to become governor or congressman, or shall we have to believe that these great men are such cowards that they do not dare to break into the gambling ring where women are at stake, or shall we be forced to believe that their own characters can't stand the pressure of saying, "We will, for God's sake, do something."

Listen! If your little girl was standing outside your house and a couple of men came along and grabbed her, while a policeman or other citizen stood a few feet away, and taking it for granted they could easily stop it if they tried—would you not condemn the fellows for not doing so, and maybe knock them down?

Did any of you committeemen of the vice reports happen to find some of your associates or relatives mixed up in the traffic?

How many men will move to some foreign country before the notorious "key" in Chicago will be turned over to the courts?

Listen! Who does not feel the terror of the Black

Hand when it comes home to us, and how are we not trying to stop them? Did you ever stop to think that the game may be played by some of the finest gentlemen and politicians? Are you sure that there is not a clique of men making their living just that way? Of the so-called fine, rich and leisure people?

Did you ever surmise that if a detective was to get the goods on a woman, he might have a nice income every month thereafter?

Many a corporation first squeezes the money out of the people knowingly because they have the power, and, second, makes our girls work for less than they can support an existence on, saying nothing about having steerers to put them wise how to make money so-called "easy," and with "pleasure" besides? Then they sell Paris gowns to the sporting district for $100 to $500 (and make them in common sweat shops, while perhaps the real value is $25). The spoils are divided between the landlady and the corporation, and the poor girls have got to earn the same in a house of ill-fame. This is repeated as often as the corporation feels like doing so, according to the earning capacity of the girl.

Panderers are hired to get the most beautiful girls at any price and make them inmates for the man higher up to satisfy his brutality. This is not Black Hand. Oh, no! Neither is white slavery.

Let me predict that just so soon as the public finds out the inner workings and the game played by the man higher up, we will have a more serious and bloody war than has ever been witnessed in history; and the men whom we now think are fine, big men will be recorded as the worst of their species.

The best recommendation for my first book is that it has directly brought seventeen girls to their homes since January 1, 1911, to September 1, 1911.

Also that many young men have read the book on

the way to the red light district and turned home on the way down.

It broke all records in selling without advertising it.

It has converted several people—brought many young men back from indiscreet life.

The third edition will be published soon.

Please do not criticise me or my work—that matters very little. You do yourself and the unfortunate girls a great injustice.

I assure you that I mean well and there is no selfish motive on my part.

I appeal to you from on high—Be a man!

Women, raise the standard of men. You have the power to do it. Why don't you?

I shall be glad to listen to any story that you may have and do all I can to help you, as I have done before, secretly and confidentially.

Oh! if you could only see one mother when her daughter is returned, you would realize what I am doing. Hence for your mother's sake do what you can, while you have a chance.

Say this now: "I will; I love God."

THE RESULT OF OUR PRESENT DEVOURING POLITICS.

I am sorry to have to uncover the answer to the above topic, inasmuch as I had rather tell you that your loved ones were killed than to let you know the real conditions invading your home, devouring your boys and girls inch by inch in the most shameful and disgraceful manner that human beings can stoop to, in consequence of our present politics.

Please bear with me if my remarks should come home to you all. I am not writing calamity nor for notoriety, but when I am licked I am just American man enough to admit it and acknowledge that I can make a mistake—and learn by my errors.

I assure you that it feels different when the burglar calls at your own house.

When I had my pocket picked a short time ago by a politician who holds a fine job in our present system, it felt a great deal different to me than when I read that some one else's pocket has been picked.

Never has history recorded any grander or more noble constitution, nor any greater men and women than those who raised the Stars and Stripes in New England, nor a more just cause.

We are proud indeed of our forefathers and mothers who established our great Republic by the sweat of their brow, staining the red stripes with their own blood, the blue signifying true motherhood, and the white being the emblem of our pure, innocent children.

Just think, if the flag should arise from every political office with the names written on it of those who have been untrue and are robbing it of the glory, freedom and power that it represents, mighty few would stand the pressure, but their family physicians would advise them to take a trip to Europe for their health.

The soft winds blowing and waving the flag would very likely howl and moan and say, "For God's sake, give your children fair play."

Our political system has brought shame, disgrace, vice and destruction to the majority of our boys and girls.

Now come along and learn the language of the sinners from an unselfish motive.

Insanity is increasing at a fast speed, so much so that if we go at the same rate for the next 150 years there won't be a sane man or woman at the present standard of sanity.

We are in the midst of a criminal wave.

The majority are branded in the redlight districts.

Many of our women have to realize on so-called women's assets for a livelihood.

Our boys' manhood is crushed before they ever get to be men.

One takes pleasure in riding in a taxicab to show his lordship while a brother or sister is starving and dying along the roadside.

Our laws are mocked and laughed at by the men who make them.

The worst gambling is done in holding public offices.

It is hard to see a person steal the pennies from a blind man's cup, but it is still worse to see the rich stealing the money out of our poor children's homes which is donated in good faith; also by their lustful living, robbing their own offspring of everything God has given them.

A millionaire's time is worth so much per hour that a citizen cannot see him unless by special drag. I wonder how much of their time has been given to the poor or the betterment of civilization. How long will the public stand for a corporation not paying its help enough to exist on ,and heaping millions together and

once in a great while donating $50,000 of the people's money already earned to blind the eyes of the laity.

When we send our boys to the bank with a draft they are apt to come back with a box of cigarettes and a vicious disease.

When our girls go to the grocery store they are liable to come back robbed of everything God gave them.

What if our children shall be born blind and crippled?

You say that competition is good for progress; also concentration of business.

Is competition good when we are compelled to devise some scheme whereby to deceive, defraud and rob our own people to make a bare existence?

Concentration has produced facilities so that we can manufacture a thousand articles now in the same time we made one years ago. But everything is higher in price.

Concentration and compensation of business and high society is at the root of all evil.

Is the average wife anything but a slave to the lust and brutality of men?

Don't you think that the average man would be a good citizen and Christian if he loved God as much as a woman's leg?

Don't you think that we can prove that the world is round by the fact that nothing is on the square?

How long do you think that the public will stand for the corrupt political jackpots before they will take the law into their own hands and make a clean sweep in a hurry, the same as history has shown us before?

Who will pay for all this but our children's children?

HE LEARNED THE TRUTH AT LAST.

A few years ago a young woman whom I rescued from a house of shame became a very good and active worker, and saved many girls from the degraded path.

Early one spring, when all the plants began showing their buds, this young woman, Ruth ———, got the spring fever and excused herself from a number of our meetings "to see a friend of hers," in such a way that I became suspicious that danger was at hand for her. One evening she came home, and as she entered the house she took off her wraps, sat down upon a couch, buried her face in the cushions, and wept bitterly. Florence, a little girl 8 years of age, came to my office and said: "Ruth is crying so hard she won't talk to me. Please come and see her right away."

On the way over to the house a handsome young man came out of a cigar store across the street. He approached me, introduced himself, and said, "I have heard so much about you that I simply wanted to meet you. Ruth ——— has spoken of you so often that I sometimes believe she cares more for you than for her parents;—in fact, she sometimes calls you 'Daddy.'"

As Florence and I passed on, she said, "That's Ruth's beau. He took her home last night." When we entered the house Ruth stopped crying. She would not tell me why she was crying, but asked me if she could have a two-weeks vacation, as she wanted to visit a brother in Detroit, Mich. I said I would let her know the next day.

On the following day I saw her on the boulevard in a fine touring car with the handsome young man who had introduced himself to me. She came to me in the afternoon and said again that she would like to go and that the young man was also going to visit his mother in Detroit.

Well, I scratched my head and scoured my brains for some knowledge of what was going on. I had no right to interfere, nor could I refuse to let her go. The two-weeks vacation was hers by right and she deserved it, too. Still, you know, when someone has gone wrong once, you have not exactly the same confidence in them as before. So when she left for Detroit, I worried a great deal until I heard from her and her brother that everything was well.

Two weeks later I received an announcement by mail, saying she was married to the young man that had accompanied her on the journey. On their return to Chicago they went to housekeeping in a very fine flat in the prettiest part of our suburb. They invited me out the following Sunday to take dinner with them. Then I said to myself "What will come next?"

The flat was beautifully decorated and everything was fine. Ruth gave us an elegant dinner and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. Ruth certainly made it very pleasant in her new home, which made her husband all smiles and he complimented her at every turn.

In the afternoon Ruth said to her husband: "Dearie, I have something to tell you that I must let you know personally, and I want the Doctor to listen to it. He too must know what takes place this afternoon. Now listen:

"A few years ago you were a steady customer at the most notorious 'club' on Armour Avenue. At that time you were paying a great deal of attention to a young lady, a Sunday-school teacher of the church yonder, but she found you out and dropped you. The woman who had to entertain you at the 'club' I knew well. She had disappeared from her home a short time before, with one of your friends, and had been taken to this so-called 'club.' "

At that Ruth's husband went and put his arm round

her neck, kissed her and said: "Dear, someone has been telling you some awful stories. When did you hear all of this, and who told you? I will make it very hot for them, whoever they are. Of course I used to go out with some of the nice girls around here, but what of that? I tell you somebody is jealous and trying to get even with me. Every day you hear of someone trying to get revenge on a young husband in this underhanded way. Try to forget what you have heard, dear. There's nothing to it, you can rest assured of that."

At this I said to myself: "Here are the two extremes, the glorious god of love and the desperate demon of jealousy, showing up at one and the same time. But what do I have to do with it?"

Ruth sat looking down at the floor, absorbed in thought, and everything was still as death. No one spoke for at least a minute. Then she reached for her handbag, which lay near at hand, opened it, and took out a .45 Colt's revolver, which she held in her lap with her finger on the trigger. Well, I can assure you that she had me guessing what was to come next. Poor dearie Newlywed was changing color rapidly, going from white to red and back again.

Finally Ruth raised her hand and said: "Dearie, are you telling me the truth?" The muzzle of the revolver was turned his way. "Now, answer me, yes or no! Will you enter eternity with a lie on your lips? Is what I said true, or not?"

"Dearest, I say no!" replied her husband, tremblingly.

At that the blow fell. "I was that woman that entertained you at the 'club' a few years ago," cried Ruth. "I was known there as Grace ———, the name you knew me by, and it is all set down here on this paper, dates of your visits and all. I was held a captive there

for three weeks before the Doctor here rescued me. Now you know all and it is the truth.

"But why should a man have a thousand chances and a woman only one?" continued Ruth, her eyes ablaze. "Now I will make you just as good a wife as you are a husband, and let me tell you that if you ever speak of this to anyone, or run away and leave me, this gun will finish you, if I have to walk across the continent to find you. I love you with all my heart, or I should not have been tempted to marry you, but from now on tell me nothing but the truth and all will be well. Will you do it, dearie?" And the newlywed husband, convicted of an equal share in the old offence, made his tearful promise, with every evidence of sincerity.

"That day you found me crying," said Ruth to me before I left them alone together, "I was fighting with myself, to make up my mind whether to tell him then or now."

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE OF THE SINNER.

My most earnest desire and prayer for the public school system, and all educational institutions, is that they should learn and teach the language of the sinner, because within their walls lies the key to the next step in the evolution of mankind and of virtuous womanhood.

What an endless desert is filled with nothing but crime, vice and sin, fast devouring the essence of civilization. Now and then a sandstorm, sweeping close to the edges of the desert, covers up the bareness of its victims, and it sends out a message to thousands and thousands that they cannot resist; and their screams for mercy are only in vain when the octopus of the desert of vice seizes them in its great and powerful arms, as nobody can successfully interfere.

In one day I have been consulted by five boys about 17 years old and four girls about sixteen, from good families, some attending high school and two graduates. Hardly a day passes that I do not have some young people ask me about the language of the sinner and the mysteries of the only science in the realm of nature that is neglected and seldom studied, and that is, after all, the key to a better, purer race for tomorrow,—the science of Sex, its objects, functions, care and nursing.

If statistics are correct that show that if insanity, mostly due to venereal diseases, continues to increase in the next 150 years as fast as it has in the past 50 years, there will not be a sane man or woman living, according to the present standards of sanity;—

If it be true that thousands upon thousands of virtuous young girls must annually be swept into the terrible desert of vice, as victims of man's lust, to solve for themselves the hidden mystery of the interior;—

If the present system of civilization has compelled virtuous womanhood to realize upon the so-called woman's assets for a living;—

If many of our children, yes, the majority of them, must be blind, crippled, deformed, insane and maniacal, from the scattered sands of the desert of vice;—

If animals, birds and fish enjoy protection, care and nursing to the fullest extent of science, and the desert of humanity has none of them;—

If all these things be so, then why should we be ashamed to learn the language and needs of the sinner? Echo answers, Why?

If such is the sad result of our present civilization, the longer we continue on the present road, the sooner all humanity will land in the desert.

In the Old Testament we find the prediction of Christ's coming, to be crucified when the era of Christianity set in, a stage in the evolution and freedom of mankind. Nothing more disgraceful or desperate could be recorded in the annals of time, than that the Son of God had to be crucified. We Christians believe that it had to come.

The next stage of evolution seems as if it must come through the sacrifice or crucifixion of the next highest and most adorable thing on earth—our virtuous womanhood. Must we believe this, and admit it, and submit to it?

If we cannot find the antidote for the deadly poison that infects even our clean, respectable, and religious people, must we not look for it in the desert?

Is it not evidence enough when thousands are groping in the dark, searching for knowledge of the mysteries awaiting the young?

The language of the sinner has been made up from low, indiscreet sources, from all parts of the desert, and

the reaction is now being felt in all parts of the world. The sand must have been well distributed.

The above is one of the horrible dreams that are real, and I submit it as a seed to be cultivated in civilized soil.

The man who fears to take his stand to protect virtuous womanhood, but only follows where the greatest number tread, should hasten to his rest beneath a stone; because without virtuous motherhood, the people of a community would be worse than dead.

"KEEP OUT, OR YOU'LL BE HURT."

One of the most surprising experiences of my life happened not so very long ago. One fine afternoon my telephone rang as it never rang before, and a presentiment came over me that there was something very important for me to attend to.

It was the voice of a woman that answered my "Hello," and said: "Come! come! to number ——— ———. My name is ———. I will mark my initial in my right hand, so you will know me when you come."

As I entered the place it appeared to be one of the finest residences in the neighborhood. A very beautiful brunette, apparently well educated, flashed the sign of her hand and excused herself from the others to speak to me in the parlor, permission for which was barely granted.

When we were alone, the girl said:

"I am the niece of Judge ——— of ———. I owe $50 here, which I must pay before I can leave. Please take me out of here and I assure you that you will get the money back. I was lured here by one of the most prominent members of the ——— Club, and I can prove it. Here is his name. Won't you please get me out, Doctor?"

"Where did you get my name?" I asked.

"One of the frequenters happened to have one of your books in his pocket and we girls hung on to it," was the reply.

At first this looked like a scheme to get $50, but a human soul spoke perhaps for the last time; her cry went plumb through me and her eyes looked pitifully at me in doubt as to my decision. But I could not lose sight of the $50, which looks like a large sum to a poor man, especially when he is not accustomed to gamble.

I was so dumbfounded by the suddenness of the ap-

peal that I could not say anything. I took a cigar out of my pocket, asked if they allowed smoking, and, believe me, I took all kinds of time in lighting it, so as to get my thinking cap properly fitted on.

If she had not mentioned her judicial relation, perhaps I would not have doubted so much; also I did not know at the time that we could rescue girls from such places without paying the bill. Well, I decided to take a chance and handed over a check for $50, and the girl was released. Just then it occurred to me that she belonged to me; that I had for once at least bought a human soul, by rescuing a body from slavery to lust.

I took down the name that she gave me, of the man belonging to the club, and saw him personally; and he acknowledged that he was the man who put the girl there in the house. So I thought that the case would be very easy to prove, as the man pleaded guilty, and he assured me that he would not run away, but that I would hear from his friends and a settlement would be made with the girl.

The next day I met his friends at his office and I was politely told who this clubman was; and to my surprise his friends proved to be men prominent in charity and reform, a judge and a minister of high standing. I was told to keep out of the case and shut up, if I knew what was good for me; that they had a good notion to have me arrested for blackmail right there and then. I said nothing, but left the office. That afternoon and the next day I was interviewed by a number of men prominent in politics and told to keep quiet. Being acquainted with politics some, I concluded to live and await my chances for the proper action some other day.

The girl had told me the truth about her relation, and I was soon reimbursed for the money I had expended in the case; but I thought that having these relatives of hers behind me, I wouldn't do a thing to those

fellows. So I proceeded and laid the story before them, with the girl's own story, and her uncle the judge was going to do so-and-so; but the private secretary overheard him talking the case over with some of his associates and saying that if he did that, then they would immediately spread a story about his railroading a man into the penitentiary and taking his money; and would also name a child of his that his family did not know about.

I thought then I would like to know how many charity and reform societies are controlled by "the man higher up."

Meantime the girl was spirited out of town and the last I ever heard of her she was in New York. But I have never forgotten the interested advice given me to "keep out" and not interfere with the sexual amusements of men with a political pull, no matter who their victims might be, nor in what condition of vicious bondage they might be found.

CHICAGO CHARITY TOO COSTLY.

The administration of charity in cities like Chicago is altogether too expensive; that is, it costs too much for the amount of good accomplished, and so often defeats its own object. Such is the bare truth discovered by a kindly investigation designed to improve the methods of glorious and true charity in Chicago, for the benefit of those unfortunates who must apply for and accept its aid.

Taking for granted that only 40 per cent of the receipts from charitable sources is paid out to maintain the organization that dispenses the funds, and that is not so bad, for organization of some sort is needed. But when, say, ten charitable organizations send their representatives to investigate a single case of need, and when all of these ten representatives draw salaries for the time spent with the person or the family that has applied for aid, it will be readily seen that a contribution of $100 divided among the ten organizations and intended for relief purposes would be practically eaten up in the payment of salaries before anyone at all was relieved.

Then why have so many charitable organizations in one locality to do the work that a single one of them could do? Such a method of distributing the funds provided by the charitably-disposed involves a waste of money on the face of it, and it requires no argument at all to convince a thinking person that there is great room for improvement in this respect.

I do not mean to disparage or belittle the charitable societies—far from it; but I do think we should try to save as much as possible of their energy, time and money, for the sake of those the funds were intended to reach.

A SUGGESTED REMEDY.—All charitable work, especially the distribution of funds contributed by the public, should be carried on under the direction of government officers appointed for that purpose.

The city should be divided into districts, and there should be one substation centrally located in each district, with a central office to which all cases could be reported.

Let each district elect its own investigators, who should be properly qualified to do the work, and should report to the head office, but should have power to give immediate relief in urgent cases of distress or suffering.

It would be a splendid idea for the different business organizations of the city to hire the investigators and pay them out of their own funds, so that no salaries at all would be taken out of the funds contributed for charity, and the poor and needy would receive 100 per cent of the money intended for them. This would be an economical plan for the business men to adopt. Think of the time it would save them, that is now spent in answering all sorts of calls for charity, worthy and unworthy.

It is surely a reflection on the good sense of our business men, when they give large sums of money, in the name of charity, to almost anyone, to be disposed of in the least effective and most unsystematic way.

We now have too much analysis and too little synthesis in our charitable work. If the present method cannot be changed altogether, we should at least stop it from doing harm instead of good.

One of my suggestions would be to have the head office in large cities operate a number of theatrical entertainments, producing plays of the best class, bringing out or expounding behind the footlights ideas or lessons that would tend to a higher civilization. The profits of such plays should return to the central office for

proper distribution to the poor and needy,—whom we shall always have with us.

Let no man suppose that lessons of civilization are not needed in our great urban centers. Is civilization proud of its "underworld" and its redlight districts? Or proud of the "gangs" and "gunmen" of our large cities? Or proud of its international, interstate, and domestic commerce in female flesh and blood? Is education in civilization unneeded when our courts are congested with divorce cases and our jails and penitentiaries are crowded with victims of vice and crime, made easy and profitable for awhile by our easygoing disregard of existing conditions? Is civilization proud of the maiden tribute it exacts every year in our modern Babylons? Is there not an urgent need for sex and social education everywhere? And if the pulpit cannot cope with the case, why not enlist the public school and the stage?

Returning to our suggestion of government-controlled charity, for the more efficient relief of victims of our present system, you may readily see how the public would support such a move. It is in accord with established principles of political economy. It would effect a saving of energy, of power, time and money, and would give the charitable public value for its money. And it would also prevent professional fraud, do more equal justice all around and be vastly more worthy of our boasted but hollow civilization.

Why do I include these suggestions regarding charity organization in this work devoted to the consideration of the evils of White Slavery?

Because I would make it easier for poor virtuous but unfortunate women, some of whom must apply for charitable aid at times, to receive assistance without excessive red tape and publicity; and so enable them to exist in this era of civilization without being tempted too much to realize on their so-called "woman's assets" for the means of livelihood.

OPEN THE DOORS IN WINTER.

After making several trips in all parts of the city last winter I found that nearly all our churches, halls, schools and other public buildings were well heated during our cold spells; but closed—closed tight—while people were freezing to death at their very doors.

What kind of a civilized idea is this? What kind of Christianity?

A sad story of winter suffering was related to me by a very nice and modest gray-haired old lady.

"My husband and all my children but one daughter are dead," she said, "and I am left alone in very poor circumstances. I am living in a basement and doing washing whenever I can, for a living.

"My husband and I and our family used to belong to the church on the corner and we were in the habit of giving as much as anybody to the church and its support.

"When the cold weather came we could not keep warm in our basement home and my daughter and I had very little to eat, so that we began to suffer extremely. I prayed for some relief, and then I thought of the church and the idea came to me that perhaps they might let us stay there overnight. Then maybe I could find a different and warmer place to stay in the next day.

"So I went and asked the janitor if he could let me in and he said, 'No.' Then I had him call up the minister, but he also said 'No,' but offered to give my name to some charitable committee that would 'investigate' our condition, and perhaps give us some relief from the cold next day, or next week, or some time or other. That did not do us much good that night when we were almost perishing with the bitter cold.

"Well, as I started for home, heartbroken at the prospect, I slipped and fell in front of the church, and

hurt my hip, so I crawled over to the front steps of the church—my old church—to rest until the pain should let up. It was, oh so cold, and I raised my hands and lifted my face toward heaven and asked God Almighty why he let me freeze to death in front of the church we had helped to build, and what I had done to be punished so. I could feel the cold gripping me and my limbs getting numb and stiff, and the minutes kept getting longer and longer. I felt that I was breathing my last. My limbs refused to move, my hands and arms seemed dead,—then something tapped me on the shoulder—and that was the last I could remember until I woke up in bed in a strange place."

Listen, all ye who live in comfort and enjoy the warmth of your furnaces and heating plants! How would you feel if you were placed in the position of this poor woman? You may smile at the suggestion, as you have smiled when your neighbor's house was broken into. But it feels different when it is your house that is visited by the burglar; when it is you that are in want and need assistance.

As the mother did not return home from church, her daughter started out to find her. After a long and tiring search she found her in a hospital. On her way home to the cheerless basement she met a well-to-do man whom she had formerly known, and related her troubles to him. Dejected as she was, it took little persuasion on his part to induce her to accompany him to a hotel, where he got her a nice room and gave her money for clothes and board until she saw him again. One visit followed another in quick succession and it was not long before she was known as a "kept lady."

The man in the case was married and in good social standing—and the pity of it is that such cases are not few and far between, but very numerous.

Please therefore, good people, open the doors of all

our public buildings to suffering humanity in time of need—and especially the churches. It will not do any harm to them or to you, and it will surely do a great deal of good. Let us at least show some of the traits or symptoms of Christian civilization in our dealings with the deserving poor.

SEGREGATION IS A MISNOMER.

The term "segregation" is a misnomer so far as vice goes, because a center in which the entire city can transact business relating to commercialized vice on a big scale unmolested, in the cities where so-called segregated districts exist, is simply a clearing-house, and the real vice is practiced on the outside. To segregate public prostitution would mean to keep the men and women of that profession within the walls of the district.

What good would it do us to isolate smallpox if the general public could visit the patients at any time and return home without fumigation?

We have our public schools, where our children go to learn, but the real public teaching is in showing the children how to maintain an existence and what we can get out of this world. The factories, farms and varied industries are the realities of life.

However, don't forget that nature is ever on the alert for pleasure; perhaps more so than for business. Dress is one of the chief factors in our lives that comes next after eating, and to some people those two items are no small matters. We also must not forget that nature's lust at times takes possession of every human. And how is this carnal appetite instilled into our children? Like other sociological processes, it is imbibed by the young through frequent contact with the lewdness manifest on every hand in our great city.

Imagine our children discovering a great institution, a vice center, and upon their questioning we must tell them it is a necessary evil to protect decent people; that just as soon as a boy is coming into manhood he must take a course of training at said institution.

Let me ask this question: Why should not that institution be conducted by the government or the churches, and be supported financially?

You may say: "Yet you drive them into the residence districts?"

Listen! I am afraid you will not find any four square blocks in Chicago or any other large city that does not contain a house of questionable character. If a sporting district is proper and shall be sanctioned by law, why not permit the private establishments?

Sexology and vice were born in mystery and always work in the dark; and don't you know that if it were brought into the light of day maybe we could solve the question?

The animals of barnyard and jungle have at least one attribute of superiority over man; they rest at night. True, they are beasts; but, believe me, I would esteem a beast more than a civilized brute.

Speaking of redlight districts, let me tell you that I would rather wipe out some of the fashionable flats on Sheridan road than Twenty-second street and Armour avenue.

But what must we do, now that we have started something, and have closed up so many houses of ill-fame? How must we deal with the unfortunate girls and women who were and are inmates of these houses? It is the same problem after all whether they be on the boulevard or on the levee. They are still human beings and we do not want to kill them; nor can they exist without food and shelter. Further many of them must have medical care until there is a reaction in their systems, and especially must they be cured of diseases so as to prevent or lessen the danger to the public.

Do not forget that we are in the midst of a period of evolution and education, and that we are making history for the future.

The following remedies are suggested:

First, we must have government prosecution of offenders, including the pandering fraternity, by officers

of the United States and government police, so as to take the matter out of the hands of local politicians and prevent it from being an issue in local politics. We cannot make this any longer a matter of local option; it must be governed by the United States.

Then we should establish institutions for research, under government auspices, to discover the causes of, and the remedies for, the abnormal lust of man,—remedies for the mental diseases of man that have overbalanced the intelligence and decency of the civilized world; because the standard of the people of the United States of tomorrow must be measured by the virtuous manhood and womanhood of today.

There should also be Government hospitals, where unfortunate girls and women should be placed under medical treatment for a period of time to fit the case—and positions should then be found for them where they could make a respectable living.

A fine of not less than $25 should be levied upon any doctor who failed to report any case of venereal disease coming under his notice. Reports to be made to a health department under government control. You may say that such a system of fines would prevent the people from having proper medical treatment, because in case of venereal disease they would not then go to a doctor. Let me remind you that it does not work that way in cases of smallpox or any other infectious or contagious disease where reports are required from the doctor attending the case.

Then we should have proper education of the public on sexology and sex hygiene, by means of scientific literature, written so that the people can understand it, and by oral teaching in schools, colleges and universities.

Government regulation of wages is required, to secure the adjustment of wages to the cost of living,

so that women would not have to realize on the so-called woman's assets for a livelihood; in other words, the living wage for women should be established by law. Every employer of women should be required to pay them at least the minimum living wage.

You may say that all this government work would entail too much expense upon the nation. But do not forget that it would be but a small expense compared with what we are paying now for our insane asylums, homes for the blind, criminal courts and penitentiaries, as a direct result of the operation in our midst of red-light districts and houses of ill-fame, which are always a fruitful breeding place for crime as well as vice, for insanity and blindness, and for disease unto the third and fourth generation.

The history of economics has proven that it always pays to take care of the health and welfare of the people. When the railroads began putting up signs that read, "Stop! Look! Listen!" or, "Look out for the cars!" they had begun to realize that the cheapest plan in the long run was not to have any accidents if they could help it, and so they are willing to spend millions of dollars every year for warning devices and safety appliances which lessen, if they do not altogether prevent, the danger to the public from railway operation.

Prevention is always better than cure—and generally much cheaper too. A man may visit a redlight district and spend only a few dollars,—but he may have to spend $1000 before he is cured of the effects.

Eugenics—the science of the better development of the human race in its sexual relations—should be thoroughly taught in all schools and at home by the parents. Ignorance and vice often go together.

Lastly, it would be a good idea to have some sort of official board of censorship on dress and styles for women. Such a board might be composed of women

and could do much to prevent the wearing in public of indecent and suggestive apparel. By this I do not mean anything against women generally on the score of their dress, but we find many men so weak-minded that they cannot resist the great art display on our streets and still attend to business.

Don't you know there must be something wrong in the moral make-up of society when we abuse most that which we love and adore in this world to the highest degree—the person and purity of woman.

Now, men, be honest with yourselves and admit that the greatest lust is that of the brain; and if so, why not remove as much temptation from your fellow-man as you possibly can? It is the coward who sometimes takes a beating, while a wise and brave man will run; anyhow the only way we can avoid trouble sometimes is to run away from it.

Why don't some of you men that favor the so-called segregation of the social evil marry one of those unfortunate girls? If you frequent the district, how much better are you than one of them? Indeed, you are hardly as good, for if they had a chance many of them would lead a respectable life, while you have all the chance possible, and don't. Why should a man have a thousand chances to a woman's one?

The ideal remedy for the evil we are complaining about would be to cure the abnormal lust of men, and thereby remove the prime cause.

SEGREGATION DOES NOT SEGREGATE.

In November, 1912, the City Council of the city of Chicago made a thorough investigation of the merits of the so-called segregation system as applied to the social evil. Many citizens appeared before a committee of aldermen and numerous arguments pro and con were presented. Anti-segregation had decidedly the best of the argument, and its supporters were upheld by public opinion.

On November 12 I appeared before the committee by invitation and spoke somewhat as follows:

On occasions like this it is customary to tell whom one represents. I will simply say that I represent my family and the American flag. That flag has never stood for injustice or crime and let us hope that God will never permit any man to put a blot on the starry folds of Old Glory.

It seems to me that history repeats itself every 50 or 60 years and the history of the past shows that each period almost invariably closes with a bloody war. The last period of evolution ended 50 years ago, when an important question of humanity was at stake—the question of the abolition of black slavery—and what happened but one of the bloodiest wars in history? Today after the lapse of 50 years, we are facing another important question of humanity, but this time it is the interests of our virtuous womanhood that are at stake—interests that are the very essence of civilization.

Yes, the most brutal, desperate and degrading chapter in history is now being written, and it is that of the unfortunate female slaves, whose life in the so-called underworld is reduced to a short five years and who far outnumber the black slaves of fifty years ago. And

they are white girls and women who cry aloud for help. Not only sisters in color, but our own blood relations.

An appeal has been sent out over the entire civilized world for us to take this step in the evolution of the human race by civilized methods. Or will it take a barbarous, brutal war to close the disgraceful chapter in our history. We hold in our hands the key to unlock either door. Which shall it be? Which shall we choose? We must decide, and decide quickly.

Sexology and crime were born in secret and always have worked in the dark. But if the secrets of sexology were brought to light and made familiar to the public, we should know better how to combat crime.

About 100,000 boys and men are being treated for venereal diseases in Chicago every year, and we find that in the great majority of cases the infection takes place in the so-called redlight district. This appears from the medical history of the patients.

Some 50,000 babies are born to Chicago every year, a little over half of them being girls. The estimated number of unfortunate girls in the city, according to investigators, is close to 40,000, and the average period of duration of the girls being less than five years, you can readily see that Chicago alone cannot supply the demand for girls, as it would take nearly all the females born in two years to keep up the supply. Hence the country must supply a great number, who are either brought here by unfair means or are seduced into a shameful life after their arrival.

Where redlight or segregated districts are found, many country boys make a beeline for it immediately after reaching the city or town, being animated by curiosity and a desire to be able to tell all about it to the other boys on returning home. Once inside the doors of a redlight resort, a country boy has fine chances of escaping without getting stung, and he is lucky if he

escapes without being stung twice in the same place before he knows what has happened. Anyhow his doctor is likely to get some money, and he is likely to be branded for life.

Many a good man has wished to heaven that he had never heard of the notorious districts.

It has been proved hundreds of times that innocent girls are being constantly lured to the levee, drugged and kept captive until their ruin is accomplished. And once a girl has lost her virtue she seldom feels like returning home, even if she were at liberty to do so.

How would official segregation affect or deal with the various classes of women? You could not get the high-priced women to share the same house or even the same block with the lowest. Hence you would have to grade them according to class, and what a job that would be! And how would you get the occupants of fashionable flats on some Sheridan Road to move to 22nd Street and Armour Avenue, and stay segregated?

Then it would hardly seem right to license some and refuse a license to others.

How would it be to give a license to some of these business men, to have at least a little lady private secretary? This might be advisable, because I am afraid some of them are now paying very dearly for their secretaries through not having such a license.

You speak of the lid being put down on the levee and how the unfortunate girls are bothering the decent citizen. This is true, but did you ever know of any house where they did not have hustlers out all the time? In all my travels in Chicago I never found any place as yet without plenty of hustlers. Further I may state that I found some women are paid and protected for accosting the most respectable people, so as to induce the good people to allow the levee to be opened up.

By the way, how will you segregate the floating

hotels (taxicabs), coming and going from the levee or clearing-house of crime, where a gray-haired man may take our girls in short skirts without being molested.

Why not have an open, licensed section of the city devoted to gambling? Men will gamble anyhow; and gambling only involves money—not female virtue and human souls.

As far as medical examination under segregation is concerned, that is only a farce. Suppose a girl is examined and given a certificate of health, this is what happens very often: Several boys or young men who run around together are entertained by the same girl. The first two or three may not be infected, but the rest may all be infected with disease. When one woman sometimes entertains as many as 25 men in a single day, the men themselves pass disease along.

Now the lessons most useful and most interesting to children are those that describe different industries and tell them how a living may be made. The public school course is valuable but the real facts are learned by experience in the various industries. How do you think it would affect your son to tell him that he must go and take a course on the levee in order to become a real man, and leave respectable women alone? And your daughter might say, "Maybe I am doomed to serve in that horrible penitentiary for life, to entertain vicious, abnormal and brutal men, in the place set aside for the purpose by you and the politicians."

Is it not true that the majority of cases of criminal assault and rape on women involve men who are frequenters or hangers-on of the redlight districts? You can easily verify this statement by turning to the records of the criminal courts. If so, what protection does the levee afford to decent women?

THE REAL REMEDY.—The remedy is, first, last,

and all the time—Religion, which inculcates the proper judgment between right and wrong.

Second, the use of the police power of the general government to take the matter out of the control of local politics.

Third, medical research into all forms of mental disease, public institutions to care for cases of abnormal lust and its victims, and hospitals where the infected may be isolated and treated.

Fourth, the isolation of all persons attacked by venereal disease, and the keeping of records of all such cases, as in smallpox or other infectious diseases.

Fifth, the establishment of living wages for all who have to work for their livelihood.

Sixth, the study of eugenics, the problems of sex, and sex hygiene.

In conclusion, let us hope that these United States will not say, "I am not my brother's keeper, but my brother's and my sister's assassin."

LIVING WAGES.

At last it seems as if we were about to find the key to the methods by which the masses have been for centuries deprived unjustly of the opportunity to make a peaceful living, and which have retarded the progress of civilization in the matter of doing equal justice and righteous charity to all.

It is foolish and ignorant to think that we must break up corporations and large industries just because they are big. It is equally unwise to condemn men who are worth millions, made by means of combinations of capital; because it does no good to say to them, "Tomorrow you must divide, unscramble the eggs, and cease to do business on so large a scale." In such cases, others would take the places of the big corporations as soon as they split up, and prices of the stock of the different companies would soar with the prices of their products. We have had this forcibly demonstrated to us in several recent cases.

Raising the wages of the workers in itself does little good. That is what we have been doing for some years —and we find it costs just so much more to live, regardless of our fruitful soil and tremendous crops.

Lowering the cost of living would of itself likewise be of little permanent value, because the corporations would be tempted immediately to lower the wages. Hence the only true remedy is the establishment of living wages. That is what will count.

Living wages are needed regardless of cost of living or of material, so that our children may be properly nursed and educated and so that women will not have to realize on their virtue for a livelihood.

How could this be brought about? By Government control over all industries, big and small, and by enact-

ing a scale of wages to be paid according to the locality and the necessary expense of living there.

You may say that, if this is done, no one would care to be in business. But how do we treat a horse? Is it not more valuable, does it not do better work, when it is properly taken care of? You will never economize in business by reducing the potential energy of the worker.

In every country now men are wasting more than they save. Paying a living wage to everybody would only mean a difference in the bookkeeping of the corporations in their relation to the people. It is the truest economy to take care of what you have got.

Why spend millions for public schools to educate the brains of the workers if their bodies lack proper nourishment? If the big companies will pay living wages to their people, our invisible government may have all the rest they have to spare.

Can't you see that herein lies the key to the entire industrial situation? What did the great philosopher mean when he said, "Give me a place to stand, a lever and a fulcrum, and I will move the world!" Living wages for the people—all the people—would change the world's aspect for millions and advance civilization by leaps and bounds. It would mean the end of interminable strife between capital and labor.

The majority of people would be well contented with a good, decent living. And the generous-minded would then have a better chance to devise plans for the general welfare.

You may ask, Who would find work for all? Look here, my friend, don't you know that the United States has millions of acres of uncultivated land, with the best of soil. Suppose the Government furnished the money and material to cultivate the soil, and held control of it until it was paid for, would it not be a good and paying economic investment?

Living wages would create industries within industries and would thus operate to break up monopoly.

But the most important effect after all would be that we should put an end to the slavery of women and children, and pave the way for a better and happier posterity, besides bringing about comfort and peace where now there is misery, want, suffering, industrial war and commercialized vice.

ATTACKING AN ANCIENT EVIL.

The British parliament has just taken up the white slave evil and dealt with it in a drastic way.

The House of Commons has decided that the white slaver shall be flogged. For the second offense flogging is mandatory. For the first offense this penalty lies within the discretion of the magistrate.

The debate was interesting. One member opposing asked if any man could be found in these days to wield the lash; whereupon a military member rose and said: "I will."

The opinion which prevailed was that men who engaged in the white slave traffic are not amenable to any other argument than physical pain.

This, says the Chicago Tribune, is a remarkable sign of the change of attitude toward the social evil and every phase of it, a change apparent in America as well as in England. The dominant assumption always has been that the evil was necessary and ineradicable. That assumption is weakening steadily. The recent segregation debate in Chicago shows the growth of a powerful movement founded not on the theory of amelioration or regulation but on that of complete extermination.

Never has the evil been so thoroughly studied in all its phases as now and never before have there been so many well considered attacks upon it. The police aspect of this movement is only one. The educational movement, which is devoted to bringing about a more adequate knowledge of the pathological evils involved, to the education of parents, and to the development of instruction and protection for the young, gives new promise of progress. The old fatalistic attitude will not long survive and it is not too much to hope that the evil itself will follow it.

"WHEN I SHOOT, I SHOOT TO KILL."

·Carle·C·Quale·

THE BRIGHT STAR
OF HOPE

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